### A NEW CONGRESSMAN'S WOES.

From the New York Sun.

Washington, Dec. 14.—The fledgling congressmen are here in force. There are about 120 of them. You meet them on the street, in the hotel corridors, at the White House and in the intricate passages of the capitol. Some wear kid gloves and clothing of fashionable cut. Others wear slouch hats and homespun garments. All are on the alert. Some occupy expensive parlors in palatial hotels. Others are hidden away in comfortable quarters at much cheaper rates. Some have their families with them and others are alone.

It will take the new congressman some time to unravel the intricacies of Washington life and to learn to find his way among the labyrinthine passages of the capitol. His committee room will elude him when in search of it, and he will frequently take the wrong direction when seeking the restaurant or trying to leave the capitol. It will take him months to know every byway and passage in the immense building, and even then at times he will require the assistance of a guide. It will take him longer than that, however, to get the hang of the rules of the house. More than one term may be required to know how to do business. If he attends strictly to his duties, he will find that there will be very little time left for play and social enjoyment.

If a Republican, he will probably be placed upon two committees. They will meet twice a week at 10 o'clock in the morning. The session will last about two hours. At 12 o'clock the house will begin its session. If the new member wishes to retain the run of the business before the house he will find it necessary to be present. Later on he will be placed upon sub-committees, and later still, upon committees of investigation. These will use up others of his morning hours.

No new member can tell upon what committee he will land. An agricultural member may be thrown into the marine committee and a sea-board member may be whirled into the committee on agriculture. All trades and professions appear to be scattered around upon the various committees without much reference to special fitness. An embryonic statesman may land upon the committee on acoustics and a rural preacher may turn up on the judiciary. Wherever they may land, there will be more than work enough for all if it is properly performed.

Many other things will astonish the new member. The rules will certainly puzzle him. He will find, if they are enforced, that they will apparently give the greatest privileges to the old members and none at all to the new ones. He will be forced to keep his mouth shut even when legislation directly concerning his own district is under consideration. Vainly will he plead for recognition from the speaker, and he will be lucky indeed if he finds the chairman of the committee willing to grant him even a minute of time to talk concerning such a bill. He may introduce a bill, and the bill be reported back from the committee as introduced. When the house, however, comes to consider it he will be obliged in nine cases out of ten, to listen to the debate and not participate in it.

As illustrative of this, a story is told of a New York member who served two terms in congress. In his first term he had no opportunity to open his head. Along in the middle of his second term a bill from the committee on war claims came before the house. The New York member had commanded the troops responsible for the destruction of the property alluded to in the bill. He alone, of all the members on the floor, was thoroughly conversant with all the circumstances of the case. The speeches made in the time allotted to the committee did not touch on the vital points in dispute. The general went to the chairman of the committee and asked for half an hour to discuss the claim. He added that he understood the case thoroughly and no one else seemed to have a fair idea of it. The chairman turned upon him and grimly replied:

"When we want you to talk we'll let you know."

That ended it. The general got no opportunity to speak upon the only subject that came before the house on which he was thoroughly informed.

There are other troubles for the new member. It will be long before he understands the secret of suspension day, district days, morning days, call of the committees, open house, committees of the whole, and a thousand and one peculiar features of house legislation. He will be lucky, indeed, if he understands what the house is doing without reference to the mode of procedure. Upon Friday nights he will be inducted into the mysteries of pension legislation. He will see others obtain pensions without the call of a quorum, but will find a call demanded whenever he attempts to force a pension through.

He will be badgered by visitors while the house is in session. A dozen times a day he will lose track of what is going on. He will receive hundreds of requests by letter. Many can only be granted while the house is in session and by absence from it. If a Republican he will be hounded night and day by office seekers. Hundreds will write for rare and costly books printed by congress years ago. These are not included among the perquisites. But he will have hard work to convince those who importune him that this is the fact. There will be a flood of pension applications. It will take him weeks and months to ascertain the necessary routine to secure attention to them.

Those who will annoy the new congressman the most will probably be women. If he endeavors to fulfil their wishes he will be completely overwhelmed. Flocks of strangers will descend upon him. Each will have her grievance. They will collect in a little apartment near a side entrance and bombard him with cards. A dozen times a day will he be called out by the doorkeepers. His best course will be to attend strictly to his own constituents and let other members attend to theirs.

The new congressman will find himself upon a bed of coals and not upon a bed of roses. Many of his constituents will require his services in the departments when his duties require him in the house or the committee room. If he is ever to become an adept in the passing of a bill he must pay strict attention to what is going on. Vainly will he strive to dovetail office seeking with statesmanlike measures.

No man can be ubiquitous. To perform his duties satisfactorily to himself and to his constituents, a new congressman must be apparently ubiquitous.

Some congressmen devote their mornings to their mails. Others answer their letters at night. Old congressmen seem to know by intuition what is going on in the house at all times. They can afford to answer their letters at their desks while the house is in session.

At the end of the first term the new congressman begins to have an inkling of the trials and tribulations of political life. If they appear to him to be balanced by its pleasures and enjoyments he may possibly desire a re-election. If he does not see it in that light he will throw up both hands in disgust and give up the business.

AMOS J. CUMMINGS.

### THE OTHER SIDE AGAIN.

*Register:*

As the nights are long and we have a few hours to spare we know of nothing that we could do that would be more interesting to the young and more amusing to the old than to write you another letter or two concerning the long, long ago, in the spring of '62, when this blessed and beloved country of ours was all on fire with secession and war. The writer and the company to which he belonged were ordered from West Virginia, at which place they were then stationed to Manassas Junction to assist the boys there in that great Bull Run struggle—but before we reached that point the order was countermanded, as a great many military orders are, and we were ordered to Richmond, the Capital of the Confederacy. We reached that place in the early spring of '62, and were quartered in Camp Lee, a camp built just in the edge of the city.

We remained here but a short time however, when we were ordered to Norfolk, Va. We embarked immediately for that city by rail, via Petersburg. We left the historic city, Petersburg, just as the sun was settling down behind the timber in the west, and we arrived in Norfolk,—a distance of 80 miles—just at day light the next morning, and it was here that we drew a new supply of mules, harness and wagons, and the next day fixed up for a march by land to Elizabeth City, North Carolina, via Dismal Swamp canal.

I shall ever remember that the mules that we drew were taken off of a boat. Six of them, none of which had ever before had a collar on, were hitched to a big new town wagon, and the writer of this was put on for a driver. We rode the near hind mule and drove the other five with a single line. It took some six or eight of us to hitch them up and to keep their heels down until we could get them straightened out in the street, for we had to go clear through the city to a camp on the other side. And when all was ready and a sergeant was mounted to go ahead and clear the streets of people and when the driver was firmly planted in his saddle, they turned us loose. The wagon was empty, and it just touched the highest places, and long before we reached the camp on the other side of the city, we felt very much as Davy Crocket did when he had hitched himself up with the calf—we wanted some one to head us off. But no one interfered, and we ran until we had reached the end of the street, and were there stopped by the soldier boys who had planted themselves across said street on purpose to receive and stop us. We remained here but two days, and here is where we drew and ate our first mule meat. It was black and tough, and we wondered what it was, until our captain told us, for he had been an old Mexican soldier and knew mule meat when he saw it.

But we were soldiers and must move when ordered, so we loaded up our three baggage wagons, hitched up to our six Napoleon guns, and were off for Elizabeth, via Currytuc sound. Our new mules gave us no trouble after this, as they were now well broken and the weather being fine, with an occasional thunder shower, we moved quietly along. The citizens along the way were glad to see us, as they looked upon us as their protectors. All was well, and when we would go into camp for the night, it was invariably the case that some darkey would drive in a cart load of sweet potatoes and dump them out in our camp. This was not a volunteer act of the negroes, but was sent by their masters.

This country, from Norfolk to Elizabeth City is anything but an inviting country, being very low, swampy and very unhealthy. Even the dogs, it was said, had the ague down there and I don't doubt that it is the fact. The soil outside the swamp is poor and piney, and in the swamp it is all water, frogs and moequitoes. There is a canal cut through this swamp, from Norfolk, Va. to Elizabeth City, N. C., a distance, I believe, of thirty-five miles. It is a locked canal, and small steamers carry the mail and express matter each way.

Elizabeth is a pretty little coast town or was when we were there. It is situated on Cheesapeake Bay, 80 miles from Roanoke Island, and had a population in '62 and '63, of about 2000. Her people were apparently very true to the Southern cause, and were exceedingly kind to us southern soldiers. They were glad to see us come, as they appeared to be very fearful of the Yankees and their invasion, but when we were with them,—three hundred of us,—they felt perfectly safe and happy. So much so that they would not let us eat our own hard tack, but took us into their own households and fed us from their own tables.

They also made a public dinner for us while we were there. We ate with them and assured and reassured them that they should be protected from the Lincoln hirelings, and this we did while the enemy remained away—but the protection that we gave them was indeed of short duration for in a few days Roanoke Island capitulated. This Island was beseiged at this time by Burnside's fleet and the Island was defended by old General Henry of Wise's brigade or legion—and the very next morning after the surrender of the Island the Lincoln gun boats came up and bombed us out of Elizabeth City. So we told the good people of that town farewell and have never been back to see them since. We fell back some three miles, went into camp and remained there for two weeks or more. The enemy did not pursue us, but nearly shelled us out of the town; put a garrison in the town, kept a gunboat lying in the sound and stood us off. But this could not last always and one bright morning a courier came dashing into our camp with cap in hand and horse dripping with perspiration and informed us that the Yankees were making a landing at Camden C. H. and were aiming to cut us off at Southmills, which place is a small town situated on the line of the Virginia & North Carolina railroad. This place is back toward Norfolk some twelve miles. The distance from Camden to that point was only ten miles and the enemy must now have had at least one hour the start of us. So now for the race. It was an important case. If we beat them we could still keep our line of supplies and communication open and we would also have an opportunity to pick an elevated position out of the water on which to fight them when they came up. On the other hand if they beat us they would cut the locks in the canal and thereby cut off our supplies from Norfolk, get between us and our base of supplies, pick the dry ground on which to fight us, drive us into the water and swamps and likely capture the whole command, which did not number over six hundred men all told, consisting of McComas Battery and the Third Georgia Regiment. The weather was exceedingly hot and dry and the water was the poorest kind of tadpole water but was plenty everywhere as this whole country is a swamp and a frog pond. But we got out of that as fast as possible and fortune favored us. We beat the Union troops just one hour. However, they had bad luck, as we learned from prisoners that we captured from them that one of their transports got aground at Camden and a part of their command had to come ashore a half mile in skiffs, and but for this accident I guess they would have scooped us. And when we arrived at Southmills they were yet some three miles away. We advanced on their road nearly a mile, got on a small elevation and were well protected on either side by a deep swamp. We now formed our infantry on each side of the road, hid two pieces of artillery in the breach charged with double charges of canister, laid down and awaited the approach of the enemy, who by this time were in plain view crossing another elevation nearly a mile awry. There were six thousand of them and their advance was led by six hundred New York Zouaves marching eight abreast. They were dressed in blood red uniforms and made a grand showing as they moved forward. They were not expecting to encounter an enemy as they did not even have a videt in front of them. We were all completely under cover of the brush. The enemy were now within three hundred yards of us still marching eight abreast, filling the lane in which they were now moving from fence to fence. We could now hear the jabbering of their voices and the tramp of their feet as they moved forward like clock work. The writer lay flat on the ground with friction primer inserted and lanyard in hand ready to pull and fire the fatal shot when the word of command was given. This word or signal was to be the crack of a pistol in the hand of the commanding officer who was also concealed in the brush near by.

T. F. KELLEY.

*(To be continued.)*





### THE RATTLESNAKE.

**How Its Deadly Blows Are Delivered and Its Venom Injected.**

Let us observe what happens when the rattlesnake means mischief. He throws himself into a spiral, and about one-third of his length, carrying the head, rises from the coil and stands upright. The attitude is fine and warlike, and artists who attempt to portray it always fail. He does not pursue, he waits. Little animals he scorns unless he is hungry, so that the mouse or the toad he leaves for days unnoticed in his cage. Larger or noisy creatures alarm him. Then his head and neck are thrown far back, his mouth is opened very wide, the fang held firmly erect, and with an abrupt swiftness, for which his ordinary motions prepare one but little, he strikes once and is back on guard again, vigilant and brave. The blow is a stab, and is given by throwing the head forward while the half-coils below it are straightened out to lengthen the neck and give power to the motions which drive the fangs into the opponent's flesh; as they center, the temporal muscle closes the lower jaw on the part struck, and thus forces the sharp fang deeper in. It is a thrust aided by a bite. At this moment the poison duct is opened by the relaxation of the muscle which surrounds it, and the same muscle which shuts the jaw squeezes the gland, and drives its venom through the duct and hollow fang into the bitten part.

In so complicated a series of acts there is often failure. The tooth strikes on tough skin and doubles back or fails to enter, or the serpent misjudges distance and falls short and may squirt the venom four or five feet in the air, doing no harm. I had a curious experience of this kind in which a snake eight feet six inches long threw a teaspoonful or more of poison athwart my forehead. It missed my eyes by an inch or two. I have had many near escapes, but this was the grimmest of all. An inch lower would have cost me my sight and probably my life.

A snake will turn and strike from any posture, but the coil is the attitude always assumed when possible. The coil acts as an anchor and enables the animal to shake its fangs loose from the wound. A snake can rarely strike beyond half its length. If both fangs enter, the hurt is doubly dangerous, because the dose of venom is doubled. At times a fang is left in the flesh, but this does not trouble the serpent's powers as a poisoner, since numberless teeth lie ready to become firmly fixed in its place, and both fangs are never lost together. The nervous mechanism which controls the act of striking seems to be in the spinal cord, for if we cut off a snake's head and then pinch its tail, the stump of the neck returns and with some accuracy hits the hand of the experimenter—if he has the nerve to hold on. Few men have. I have not. A little Irishman who took care of my laboratory astonished me by coolly sustaining this test. He did it by closing his eyes and so shutting out for a moment the too suggestive view of the returning stump. Snakes have always seemed to me averse to striking, and they have been on the whole much maligned.

Any cool, quiet person moving slowly and steadily may pick up and handle gently most venomous serpents. I fancy, however, that the vipers and the copperheads are uncertain pets. Mr. Thompson, the snake-keeper at the Philadelphia Zoological, handles his serpents with impunity; but one day, having dropped some little moccasins a few days old down his sleeve while he carried their mamma in his hand, one of the babies bit him and made an ugly wound. At present the snake staff is used to handle snakes.

I saw one October, in Tangiers, what I had long desired to observe—a snake charmer. Most of his snakes were harmless; but he refused, with well-acted horror, to permit me to take hold of them. He had also two large brown vipers; these he handled with care, but I saw at once that they were kept exhausted of their venom by having been daily teased into biting on a bundle of rags tied to a stick. They were too tired to be dangerous. I have often seen snakes in this state. After three or four fruitless acts of instinctive use of their venom they give up, and seem to become indifferent to approaches, and even to rough handling. —Dr. G. Weir Mitchell, in Century.

























### OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

**County.**

| | |
|---|---|
| District Judge | L. Stillwell |
| Clerk of District Court | M. P. Jacoby |
| County Attorney | H. A. Ewing |
| Sheriff | D. D. Britton |
| County Commissioners | H. L. Henderson; W. A. Ross; C. C. Kelsey |
| County Clerk | R. W. Duffy |
| County Treasurer | Wm. Cunningham |
| Register of Deeds | J. P. Duncan |
| Probate Judge | J. L. Arnold |
| County Surveyor | |
| County Sup't Public Inst. | Ed. T. Barber |
| State Senator | O. S. Woodward |
| Representative | E. D. Lacy |

**City.**

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|---|---|
| Mayor | E. J. Thayer |
| Clerk | Wm. Northrup |
| Treasurer | A. J. Clark |
| Police Judge | D. D. D. Smeltzer |
| Councilmen | C. Kreuter, A. J. Fulton, C. W. McNiel, C. L. Whitaker, W. H. Ling |
| Coroner | Dr. A. J. Fulton |
| Street Commissioner | D. H. Scott |
| Sanitary Committee | Dr. C. Gilliihan, Dr. W. D. Chastain |
| Marshal | John Harris |
| Supt. of Cemetery | Wm. Burton |

**Township.**

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| Trustee | Harmon Scott |
| Treasurer | J. F. Colborn |
| Clerk | W. A. Cowan |
| Justices of the Peace | D B D Smeltzer, John Walters |
| Constables | Theo. Strickland, J. C. Woodin |

**Attorneys.**

J. B. GOSHORN—ATTORNEY-AT-LAW and Notary Public, Moran, Kansas.

OSCAR FOUST, JOHN F. FOUST.—Oscar Foust & Son, Attorneys and Counsellors at law. Office 2nd door north Northrup's bank, Iola, Kansas.

H. A. EWING, ATTORNEY AT LAW. County Attorney. Office at Court House.

BENTON & CAMPBELL—ATTORNEYS-AT-Law. Will practice in all the courts of the State. Office one door east of Post-office, Iola, Kansas.

**Physicians.**

W. D. SCOTT, M. D.—PHYSICIAN AND Accoucher. Office in Dr. J. W. Scott's drugstore.

DR. WM. H. MCDOWELL—PHYSICIAN and accoucher. Office with Dr L. Tozer, West Side Square.

A. J. FULTON, M. D.—GRADUATE JEFferson Med. College, Philadelphia. Physician, Surgeon and Accoucher. Office at residence.

C. H. BOULSON—HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSIcian. Surgery and diseases of women and children a specialty. Treatment of catarrh a specialty. Office and residence opposite Pennsylvania Central Hotel.

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J. E. JEWELL, M. D.—PHYSICIAN & SURgeon. Special attention paid to Surgery and Eye diseases. Moran, Kansas.

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J. S. LAFARY—DENTIST. OFFICE OVER O. Weisheimer's grocery store, Iola, Kansas. Satisfaction guaranteed.

**F. M. B. A.**

SALEM LODGE MEETS THE FIRST AND third Saturday nights each month.

MAPLE GROVE LODGE (SOUTH) MEETS first and third Monday nights each month.

DEER CREEK MEETS ON THE FIRST AND third Saturday evening of each month at 7:30 p. m.

Union Lodge, meets first and third Thursday nights of each month.

Meeting nights of other lodges throughout the county will be published as above upon application.

**G. A. R.**

MC COOK POST NO. 51, G. A. R.—MEETS the first Saturday on or before each full moon at the G. A. R. Hall. All Comrades in good standing are invited to meet with the Post. T. S. STOVER, P. C.
E. M. ECKLEY, Post Adj.

SAUNDERS POST NO. 254—MEETS THE first Saturday before full moon of each month, in Dawson Hall, at 7:30 p. m. All comrades in good standing are invited.
G. W. MATTHEWS, P. C.

**W. R. C.**

MC COOK RELEIF CORPS NO. 145, Mc Cook Relief Corps, No. 145, meets the first and third Friday evenings of each month, at the G. A. R. Hall.
MRS. L. A. THRASHER, Pres.
MRS. E. W. GROESBECK, Sec.

**F. & A. M.**

A. F. & A. M. REGULAR MEETINGS the first and third Tuesdays of each month. Members of the order in good standing are cordially invited. A. J. FULTON, W. M.
R. W. DUFFY, Sec.

**Miscellaneous.**

ALLEN COUNTY HORTICULTURAL SOciety meets in Iola the second Saturday each month at 2 o'clock p. m.
ROBERT COOK, President.
B. F. PANCOAST, Secretary.

IOLA PUBLIC LIBRARY—OVER NORTHthrup's bank. Open every Saturday from 2 till 5 o'clock p. m. Stock and membership tickets for sale at the room.
Mrs. Wm. Knapp, Librarian.

BIBLE SOCIETY—A SUPPLY OF BIBLES and Testaments may be found at the Allen County Bible Depository, Scott & Son's.

REGULAR MEETINGS OF THE F. M. B. A are held quarterly as follows: The 2nd Saturdays of January, April, July and October. Adjourned meetings the second Saturday of each month at 10 o'clock.

**Churches.**

CHRISTIAN—SERVICES ON FIRST SUNday of every month at 11 o'clock a. m. at the Court House.

PRESBYTERIAN—SERVICES EVERY SUNday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School at 9:45 a. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening. All are invited to attend. W. H. Hyatt, Pastor.

CHRISTIAN, OR DISCIPLES—CORNER of Sycamore and Broadway. Services 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School 10 a. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evenings. W. W. Blalock, Pastor.

REFORMED—DIVINE WORSHIP IN THE Christ Reformed Church at 11 o'clock a. m. on three Sundays of every month, and every Sunday evening at the usual hour of service. Sunday School every Sabbath at 10 o'clock a. m. All are cordially invited to attend. J. B. Skinner, Pastor.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—CORNER OF Jefferson Avenue and Broadway street. Services every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Class meeting immediately after the morning service. Sunday School at 9:45 a. m., J. E. Henderson Superintendent. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at 7:30 p. m. Strangers and visitors in the city and all others cordially invited to all these services. J. B. Ford, Pastor.

BAPTIST—ON SYCAMORE ST. LARGE brick north-east of the public square. Preaching every Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m., and at the usual hour in the evening. Sunday School at 9:45 a. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening 7 p. m. Young people's prayer meeting every Sunday evening at 5:30. This notice is inserted to assure you of a warm welcome at any of these services. C. H. N. Moore, Pastor.